# THE DIFFERENCE IN BOSTON

*NOTES OF TRAVEL BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.*

**Polite Conductors, Good Things to Eat and an Imprudent Young Woman —Hotel Keeping Near Boston—An Outdoor Breakfast and Supper Ditto.**

Did you ever eat a Boston fish chowder in Boston? Then you know how happy I was when I had one yesterday.

Every lover of good things owes it to himself to go to Boston at least once a year and eat a bowl of fish chowder.

I want it to be understood that I will join any New Yorker in sniffing at Boston baked beans. They are a miserable and gooey substitute for New York baked beans, but Boston fish chowder would have made old man Savarin and the other French gentleman named Vatel utter well bred whoops of joy.

Hulled corn and milk is another Boston delicacy that does something more than stave off hunger, but it hasn't the tonal charm of the delicately white chowder.

Some day they will take the sacred codfish from its place in the State House and make it into fish chowder, and then the sacred codfish will feel that he did not die in vain.

We are apt to think that anything new to us, noticed for the first time in a strange city, is peculiar to that city, and when the young woman who sat near me in the restaurant ordered a lobster salad sandwich I felt that it was an aid to dyspepsia that New York had not yet put on the market; but I may be mistaken.

It was good to get back to Boston again and to feel that I was once more in the city of the polite conductors.

For instance, I asked the conductor of an "electric"—never "trolleys" in Boston, you know—if he knew at what time a certain train left a certain station.

You can imagine the answer of a New York conductor to a similar request: "Ah! Do ye t'ink I am 'Information'?"

The Boston conductor said politely "I'll find out in a minute," and when he had seen an old lady off the car and up a flight of front steps and had got her calling card out of her card case for her he came to me and pulling a time table out of his pocket looked up my train and told me just when it would leave.

Now out of kindness to him I may have exaggerated his politeness a little bit, but he certainly did find out when my train left; and any Boston conductor would have done the same.

We may resent Boston superiority, knowing how humble we New Yorkers are concerning the merits of our own city, but we must be just. Boston certainly has time to be polite.

They have some primitive hotels down Boston way. They also have them around and in New York, but when a man travels away from home he learns more about distant hotels than a lifetime of residence in and near New York will ever teach him about metropolitan hostelries.

I had business in a little town not fifty miles from Boston and when I alighted from the train I asked a cab driver if it was far to the hotel.

"No," was his astonishingly honest answer. "Just walk up this street to the top of the hill and there you are."

I gazed at him in amazement. Last month, being in a Vermont town, I asked a similar question of a cabman and he said "I'll drive you there for a quarter."

I climbed into the cab and was just in the act of setting my grip on the floor when he opened the door and said "Here we are." He had brought me a block.

"That was easy money," said I as I handed him the quarter.

"Some of it comes easy and some of it comes hard," said he, and I thought that perhaps a number of us could subscribe to that dictum.

But this other cabman did not want to take my money, so I walked the few steps to the hotel and went into the office at the end of the hall.

There was no one there but a lounger who said that he guessed "Mr. Emerson had gone up to Boston."

I was glad to hear it, as there is nothing like travel for enlarging the mind, but I was travel stained and wished to settle down in a room.

I waited some five minutes and then I struck a hand bell.

Nothing came of it but the pleasant noise.

I picked up a magazine and read an interesting article about President Taft as a golf player. It gave me more respect both for the game and for the President, but it did not find me a room.

(That chance reading of a fugitive article may result in my taking up golf, which only shows how careful one should be in his reading unless he is absolute master of his own volition.)

The amusing tale of the golf player who made the remark to President Taft that golf was uplifting and then happening to miss a stroke used a handy string of words that called forth the wish on the part of Taft that he had known the player before he was "uplifted," was set aside after ten or fifteen minutes reading, and then I attacked the bell with assiduity and the hotel rang with its echoes.

This brought a woman from the kitchen.

"What do you want?" asked she in some surprise.

"I want to register," said I, humbly.

"Well, there's the book," answered she, and went back to the kitchen.

I wish now that I had registered and had assigned myself to a room and had given myself a generous tip, but I didn't think of it at the time.

I merely made the place so noisy in my manipulations of the little gong that the lounger lounged out.

Then some one came and told me that "Mrs. Emerson would be down soon," and I felt as if I were making an afternoon call and then it was not hard to wait.

In course of time Mrs. Enerson did come down and when I saw her gown I realized why it had taken her some time to make her toilet; and Mr. Emerson in Boston, so he coulun't button her in.

She apologized for keeping me waiting, and I assured her with easy mendacity that I was only too glad to wait, as there was nothing else to do, and that I had amused myself by playing on the musical instrument.

I was assigned to my room and went out to find the man whom I had come to see.

When I found him I learned that it had been expected I would be his guest, and he would not hear of my staying at the hotel. He would send some one down there for my grip.

Now as I had spread my belongings all over the bed and had also washed my face and both of my hands, using a perfectly good towel, I felt that it would be better for me to go to the hotel and explain the matter to the Mrs. Emerson whose husband was spending the afternoon in Boston.

How history repeats itself.

When I reached the hotel it was the sacred hour of supper and I could smell boiled scrod.

That is another dish that New York knows nothing about. I began to be sorry that I was not going to eat at the hotel, because if you can't get fish chowder boiled scrod makes a good substitute, that is, if it has but lately been taken from its mother. No fish is improved by being too long out of its native element.

I went to the hotel office. There were several loungers there now, and I asked one of them if he knew where Mrs. Emerson was.

"Oh, she's around somewhere. Just ring that bell."

Gladly I rang the bell, this time not pettishly but politely, and Mrs. Emerson came out of the kitchen.

I explained what had happened to me: that I had been expected but that they had missed me at the station and that I was to be the guest of Professor X.

"How much do I owe you?" asked I.

Like a French bluestocking replying to some wise remark of the late Benjamin Franklin Mrs. Emerson said with dignity, "Nothing at all. It is all right."

I suppose she liked bell ringing and I felt that my little gratis performance had liquidated any debt I might otherwise have imposed upon myself by cleansing my hands in her basin and drying them on an Emersonian towel.

Now in this she was very different from an innkeeper up in the neighborhood of Northampton.

I had gone up there to attend a college performance and registered at what we will call the Harriet Martineau Hotel in order to disguise it.

There I had performed a few ablutions and had gone out to call on a literary lion who was in the habit of roaring quietly and otherwise behaving like a self-respecting citizen.

He met me on the way to his house, and grasping my hand said: "My dear fellow, I am glad to see you. You are going to put up at our house."

I explained my little penchant for registering at hotels so as to spread my autograph around as much as possible. "People who can't afford to have a copy can go to the hotel and look at it there, just as a man who can't afford to buy your book goes to a Carnegie library and gets it for nothing."

He was intent on being hospitable; nothing would do but I must blot my name from the register.

He went back to the hotel with me and explained to the lanky and very New England proprietor that I had made a mistake and had intended coming to his house; that the homeyness of the hotel had deceived me and that I had registered through force of habit.

"How much do I owe you?" asked I at this point.

"Did yer wash?" asked he.

"Yes, I did," answered I honestly.

"Well, 't'll be five cents for the soap," said he.

I helped this year's profits and took my valise from his hostelry.

But to return to Boston's vicinage.

When I left my Jersey home for Boston I was in such a hurry to catch my trolley that a member of my household had to follow me out on the piazza with a cup of coffee in order to induce me to take just enough of it to burn my tongue.

That was my breakfast.

As I was leaving the little town that evening, having what they call "lectured" to a group of intellectual young women (in "lyceum circles" a "lecture" is anything that is not a concert or a prayer meeting), I was followed on my way to the trolley that was to take me to the nearest town that boasted of railroad trains at that time of night by a young man bearing a pitcher of milk and a glass. "The chairman thought that perhaps you would like something to drink after your talk," said he.

I thanked him kindly and setting my grip on the sidewalk I had a late supper outdoors, just as I had had an early breakfast.

I left Boston on the midnight train, and at that moment there were hundreds of Puritanical Bostonians and thousands of the other kind sobbing themselves to sleep because Oscar Hammerstein had been forbidden by the Mayor to produce "Salome."

But they had Jeffries, so intellect is still rampant in the pleasant old city.

CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

# END OF THE PELL TREATY OAK

*IT SAW THE FIRST SUBURBAN REAL ESTATE DEAL.*

**Under It Thomas Pell Bought a Large Part of Westchester County From the Indians in 1654—Blown Down After a Life Extending Over Centuries.**

After taking the blows of the elements for several hundred years the old Pell treaty oak in Pelham Bay Park tumbled over a month ago, the victim of a gale, and there remains now nothing but an old stump to mark the spot where it is believed the first Westchester real estate deal was put through two and a half centuries ago.

It was under the leafy shade of the old tree that Thomas Pell negotiated this little real estate deal, standing there with a few companions who had journeyed with him from Connecticut while the sachems inspected gravely his collection of beads, blankets and "gunnes" and decided that they were worth a large part of what is now Westchester county. The sachems took the blankets and the beads and Pell took the real estate. He was thus apparently the first speculator in suburban real estate, and pretty successful at that for those times.

The old tree under which Pell is supposed to have driven his bargain with the Indians in 1654 made a valiant fight for life in the two centuries and a half that have since passed. Decapitated and dismembered a good many generations ago, it defied the attempts of the elements to complete its destruction, and with its days seemingly done for it surprised all those who watched it in recent years by putting out new branches to be covered with green leaves each spring like the youngsters around it. It seemed to be making another attempt to grow and reassume the place it once had as a monarch of the primeval wilderness.

A few years ago some of the patriotic societies decided to do what they could to preserve it and at their expense they erected an iron fence around it, but this did not suffice to keep off the vandals. Last fall somebody built a fire near it and it roared up the hollow trunk. That fire ended the old tree's fight. There was no more life in it after that, and with its trunk scorched and its new branches withered it fell an easy victim to one of last month's storms, taking part of the fence with it as it fell.

In recent years, with the iron fence marking its nobility, the old tree has been visited by many who have seen it in passing along the Eastern Boulevard. It stood only a short distance back from the road on the grounds of the old Bartow place, now a hospital for crippled children.

That it was no common tree one could easily tell from its size. Its diameter several feet above the ground was over three feet and the stumps of some of its mighty branches twenty feet or more from the ground were two feet through.

Sawed off fresh, these stumps showed so many rings that it was hopeless to ascertain its age by any such method. Once the Park Department tried it, but the man who essayed to count the rings, first trying to distinguish them, gave it up in despair. They have part of this enormous branch preserved up in Commissioner Berry's office now, so that any one who wants to try it can do so.

The tree experts of the park have guessed at its age at anywhere from 300 to 500 years. How many years its trunk had been hollow nobody knows, for hollow it was, and one could climb up to the very top of the huge cylinder.

In the case of a good many trees supposed to mark historic spots there have been some who have had doubts as to the authenticity of the old oak and its connection with the Pell treaty, but near it are some of the graves of Pell's descendants, and if there is anything in the legends of that part of Westchester the old tree saw the bargain driven.

A short distance to the southeast from where the tree stood is the old Bartow mansion, and behind this is the Pell graveyard containing six mossgrown tombstones. They are the graves of Pells born years after the man who decided to take a chance on Westchester real estate, descendants who no doubt came to respect their ancestor's judgment and were glad of his shrewdness. The oldest tombstone bears the inscription: "Here Lyes Isec Pell D. Dec. 24 No. 1748."

At a time when most men were thinking of hewing their own homelands out of the wilderness old Thomas Pell apparently was animated by the same object which to-day leads many a man to invest in property above The Bronx. He didn't want a home; he bought land to sell.

That Pell was the original speculator in Westchester real estate is borne out by history. One of the histories of Westchester county says of him:

"Pell himself does not even appear to have become a resident of Westchester. He evidently regarded his purchase as a real estate speculation, selling his lands in parcels, at first to small private individuals and later to aggregations of enterprising men."

A good many similar deals have been made since with some of the land Pell bought, but at higher figures.

Pell had tried several other ventures in the way of land purchases before what is now Westchester caught his eye, and his home was really at Fairfield, Conn., according to the best accounts. Like a lot of the Englishmen in those parts he decided that New York and its vicinity was too good for the Dutchmen.

Perhaps he saw with the eye of the shrewd real estate speculator what splendid villa sites lay along the Sound. At any rate he and a few companions in 1654 made their way through the wilderness, took a look at the country lying between Bronck's River, as it was then called, and the Sound and told the sachems that they wanted to buy.

According to one of the Westchester legends concerning the old treaty tree he and his friends saw a lot of fishhawks making their nests in the trees there and made up their minds that the birds would bring them good luck. That was why they got the sachems Ann-Hoock and Wampage to meet them there and talk business.

The treaty provided that Pell was to get "all that tract of land called West Chester, which is bounded on the East by a brook called Cedar Tree Brook, or gravelly brook, thence northwest as the said brook runs into the woods ten English miles, thence west to Bronck's River to a certain bend in said river, thence by marked trees until it reaches the Sound."

This land extended from East Chester to New Rochelle, and Pelham, Pelham Manor and Pelham Bridge have taken their names from the purchaser of it. Pell was made a lord of the manor by royal grant in 1666 and before he died he had already unloaded several parcels, presumably at a handsome profit. One of the first sales he made was that consisting of the old settlement of East Chester.

Although Lord Thomas Pell, as he afterward became, didn't settle on this property himself his nephew and heir, John Pell, did and he carved up more of the property, selling New Rochelle to some of the Huguenots.

According to Randall Comfort, one of the local historians, the old Pell manor house stood near the old tree facing what is now a thoroughfare for automobiles and for years was supposed to be full of ghosts, so that lonely travellers along the lane gave it a wide berth.

Mr. Comfort and others who have taken an interest in the old tree have asked the Park Department to mark the spot where it stood with a tablet telling the story of the little real estate deal supposed to have been made there.

THE PELL TREATY OAK IN PELHAM BAY PARK BEFORE IT WAS BLOWN DOWN.

# SPRING ON THE BOARDWALK

*LESSON FOR A FAT MAN IN A DOUBLE ROLLING CHAIR.*

**A Swish Cane Carried by the Young Woman Who Wants to Be Very Kapoo —Musical Taste of a Profound Looking Man—Sand Sculptor's Income**

ATLANTIC CITY, April 17.—This 225 pound New Yorker was riding in a double rolling chair on the sun swept plank parade a few afternoons ago. He was endeavoring, without erring on the side of a too obvious sangfroid, to exhibit as little self-consciousness as possible in the circumstances.

This is not to say that he felt himself at his ease, for no naturally shrinking individual weighing 225 pounds could possibly be at his ease all alone in a double rolling chair of the open face variety; but he tried by his general aspect and manner to give the impression that he had been propelled in a rolling chair on previous occasions.

He endeavored to sit in the rolling chair in such a way as not to suggest to the pedestrian beholder the slightest affectation of pomposity or lordliness. In reality he felt himself neither lordly nor pompous merely because he happened to have in his clothing the price of a little ride up and down the Boardwalk in a rolling chair; but apprehending how jealously some of the Boardwalk pedestrians look upon riders in rolling chairs, and desiring not to arouse any of them by an appearance of arrogance or of wholly unfelt disdain, he actually scroonched forward in the double rolling chair in an earnest effort to look just as humble as possible.

Still, despite his carefully assumed attitude of humility, not to say of contrition, in the rolling chair, the blow fell. There came a blockade, with a long line of the rolling chairs halted in front of one of the piers.

Two blithe, sinuous, merry eyed but quite proper seeming young women stopped directly in front of the 225 pound New Yorker in the rolling chair and gazed at him with great apparent earnestness, as if he had been a dinosaurus fossil; nor was there any symptom of a smile on their features, though it may be that their eyes twinkled a bit. They just looked and looked and looked at the squirming, unhappy stout man.

Then one of them nudged the other and made some inaudible remark to which the other assented with a nod. Then with their arms wrapped about each other's waists and continuing to stand directly in front of the wriggling adipose man in the chair they turned their studious gaze upon him again for a little while.

"A large person, isn't he?" one of them said to the other finally in a clear, quite silvery tone.

"Vairy large," was the equally silvery reply.

"Robust looking too."

"Vairy."

"Doesn't seem to be anything the matter with him, do you think?"

"Looks 'straordinarily healthy."

"Just large, globular, bulbous and protrusive, wouldn't you say?"

"Quite so."

"Then," said the demure looking girl who had begun it, taking great pains not to catch the eye of the intensely worried looking fat man in the chair, but addressing her remarks strictly to her companion, "isn't it a wonder that he wouldn't—er—walk?"

"Most mysterious, really," replied the other, and then they passed on, leaving behind them a slightly muffled peal of girlish laughter.

The 225 pound New Yorker mopped his perspiring brow—perspiring, though it wasn't warm—for about a minute after the pair of girls had disappeared in the crowd. Then he turned around to the grinning black who was pushing the rolling chair.

"How much do I owe you?" he inquired. "For this'll be about all. Lemme out o' this," and he paid his reckoning for the chair and got himself lost in the swirling crowd as quickly as he could.

"It may be a lie," he growled to himself as he trudged along, "that nobody loves a fat man, but, dennmit, it's no lie that nobody loves a fat man in a rolling chair," and he trudged on, snorting.

The Boardwalk girl who desires to be very kapoo, so to speak, now carries a swish stick. Most of the girls desire to be whatever kapoo means, and that's why the swish stick is a feature of the plank parade this spring.

The swish sticks are mere abbreviated canes, generally silver headed, and some of them have heads encrusted with jewels. The girl who has mastered the swish stick manual can do just about as much with one of them as the old fashioned girl could do with a fan.

One of its purposes appears to be to give the young man a slight tap on the cheek when he evinces a disposition to become sentimental or overfervid or things. The girl who unconsciously possesses a fine dimple or two has a wholly involuntary way, when she is seated at a band concert on the pier for example, of holding the swish stick so that the ferrule thereof points more or less directly at the dimple, just like the hand of a clock denoting the hour.

Then too a young woman was observed using the ferrule of her swish stick as a tool wherewith to extract the cherry—or it may have been olive—from the bottom of her glass of lemonade or something. The swish stick too has taken the place of the dog whip. The girl who airs her dogs of a morning dabs gracefully at the dogs with imitation punitive strokes.

The overenthusiastic Boardwalk girl uses the swish stick to indicate persons to whom she desires to call attention and is reproved by mamma for pointing. In brief, the swish stick is the new something to carry implement and the girls get up new uses for it every day.

They even whack their billowing skirts with it to make the garments behave when the sudden gusts of wind from the sea swoop naughtily along the Boardwalk. Dealers in swish sticks say that they'll be in use by the seashore girls all the way from the Penobscot to the Potomac this summer.

A few evenings ago while the "symphony orchestra" of one of the hotels was giving a medley of operatic music a white bearded, profound looking man, whose exterior suggested that he might be a professor of analytical chemistry or something of that sort, seated at one of the writing tables, directed an attendant to request the leader of the orchestra to play a certain piece.

The folks lounging about looked interested.

"Ha," they appeared to be saying to themselves, "now we shall have it. It's about two to one at least that this profound looking old gentleman has asked for some composition 'way above the ability of this orchestra, fairish as the orchestra is in many respects. Probably he wants some abstruse Brahms thing or one of the rarely played Tschaikowsky concertos, or one of those newly introduced Elgar things, or perchance something impossibly difficult by Grieg or Strauss. Of course the leader of the orchestra will be floored, stumped, mortified. There'll be a little tableau. Let us watch."

The attendant to whom the profound looking white bearded man had whispered approached the leader of the orchestra and said something to him. The leader of the orchestra, a hirsute Hungarian with the pallor of temperament, looked very, very tired.

Then the leader signalled to his players and the orchestra struck into "Ah'm a-dreamin' o' Po'k Chops All de Time."

Which only helps to prove the hitherto ventured assertion that all human handicapping systems, with or without the aid of dope charts, fail in Atlantic City.

'Tis a tricky and deceitful world, even along the verges of the seas thereof.

The other afternoon a group of folk stood and watched one of those young sand sculptors at work below the Boardwalk.

He was an engaging looking young fellow, with a pair of large, frank blue eyes, and there didn't appear to be a bit of guile about him as he patted away at the countenance of Mr. Taft in the act of smiling the smile ineradicable. The sand modelling young man had finished two or three figures already—a lion couchant with a ferocious expression, a somewhat corpulent and lopsided Venus, and so on.

His large canvas placard, stretched in front of his sand images to receive the coins of passers by on the boardwalk, set forth the statement that the youthful worker was collecting enough voluntary subscriptions to enable him to take his first course in sure enough sculpture later on.

The folks leaning idly over the railing, gazing at the sand sculptor at work, didn't appear to feel any irresistible desire to throw their money down on the piece of canvas—until something happened to plug his operation along.

A rough looking young fellow, obviously tanked, weaved precariously along the Boardwalk, and seeing the sand sculpturing operations in progress below leaned over the rail to have a look for himself.

He didn't appear to approve of the sand sculptor's work, finished or unfinished, at all. In fact he tossed a number of disapproving, not to say ribald, remarks at the young sand sculptor, who, however, continued to work unheeding.

Then the rough looking young fellow deliberately picked up a plank that was ready at that point on the boardwalk to be used for some repairs, and he threw the plank sharp end downward right at the head of the recumbent sand lion, smashing the lion all to smithereens and things right before the eyes of the spectators.

"Brute!" "Loafer!" "Ruffian!" "Tough!" "Bully!" "Rummy!"—these and other epithets, some of them stronger, were hurled at the man by the folks standing at the rail; but the rough looking young fellow only laughed derisively and took up his way along the Boardwalk.

The young sand sculptor stood and ruefully surveyed the smashed lion and made as if to brush away the unbidden tears that (maybe) appeared at the corners of his eyes.

"Well, it's a darned shame; that's what it sure is!" said a kindly looking man in the crowd on the rail, and he chucked a half dollar down onto the piece of stretched canvas. "Danged shame to have that youngster work a hull forenoon on a piece of work like that and then have it knocked to flinders that way!"

Whereupon a great many folks keenly sympathizing with the sand sculpturing young chap promptly followed suit. There was a heavy shower of halves and quarters on the piece of canvas.

The young man with the frank blue eyes who is going to study sure enough sculpturing looked up with gratitude in his fine candid eyes, and gathering up the coins—just about half a capful of 'em too—went on with his work.

All of which, of course, spoke well of and for human nature.

But the same performance was gone through with at a little lower point along the sand beneath the Boardwalk on the following forenoon. The same sand sculpturing young man, the same jagged individual to throw the plank, the same kindly looking man to say that it was a danged shame and to start the voluntary shower of coins; but another crowd of course, with one or two exceptions, to fall for it and to chuck their money onto the piece of canvas.

It's an uninventive and unproductive day when some kind of a new stunt to get the money isn't pulled by the doing the best they can bunch down here; but this appeared to be one of the most profitable and niftiest schemes thus far rigged this spring season.

*THE PRIME MINISTER OF JAPAN, MARQUIS KATSURA, IN HIS OFFICE.*

## *HIS START IN LIFE.*

**Hard Headed Man Doesn't Know Whether to Attribute It to Luck or Not.**

"I don't believe in luck," said a man now reputed to be many times a millionaire, and reported also to be very hardheaded, "but if I did I should think there was at least a trace of luck in the way I got my start in life, for I didn't run what I've got up from a shoestring; I didn't have to start on so much as a shoestring tip.

"As a matter of fact I was a small boy working in a grocery store for $3 a week, sweeping out the store and working around and running errands and delivering grocery orders with a handcart. No extra bright rosy prospects in that, and I don't think I ever gave any particular thought to fortune at that time anyway; I just got up at half past 5 o'clock in the morning and got around to the store at half past 6 'oclock and went to work and that's about all there was to it; but something was about to happen.

"You know that kindling wood that comes done up in bundles? Well, we used to sell a lot of that; we used to get it by the small truckload and they'd put it off the truck stacked up on the sidewalk by the curb, and one of my jobs was to carry that wood into the store. I'd pick up as many bundles at a time as I could hold on to and carry 'em into the store and keep on carrying 'em so till I'd got the whole load in—and tolerably hard, backbreaking work that was, too.

"Well, I was carrying in wood like that one morning when just as I had straightened up with a stack of bundles, with my hands holding on under the bottom bundle while I was steadying the pile by pressing down on the top with my chin, my hat blew off and went a-rolling crosswise down the street, with me turning around and laughing at it to see it go, because it seemed kind of funny that it should have blown off just so, when I was all tied up holding that wood so that I couldn't run after it, and for about half a minute I didn't know what to do, because, you see, it took me so by surprise.

"Then I saw it settle down in the street, and I thought I wouldn't drop the bundles and run after it. To carry that stack into the store and go after it then, and that's what I did; but when I came out of the store a minute later, still laughing to myself to think how the wind had got me, I saw something that made me stop laughing and forget my hat entirely—a pony, with a young girl on his back, coming up the street lickity split, running away.

"Naturally I ran out into the street to stop the little horse, and when he came along I jumped for his bridle, and got it; and I wasn't a giant, of course; but the horse wasn't either, and I stopped him. The girl on his back was so nice to me that if I'd known how nice she was going to be I'd have stopped that horse if he'd been an elephant. Then her brother, who was out riding with her, caught up and they rode off together, and I went back and finished carrying in the bundles of wood. I would be a liar and a horsethief if I should say I wasn't pleased with myself over what I'd done; but I went on pushing the handcart around with delivery orders the rest of the day just the same.

"The next morning I got a letter addressed in a strange handwriting—'most any letter would have been strange to me at that time, because I didn't get many letters then—a letter from the girl's father asking me to call and see him. I went around as soon as I got time; and do you know he was very kind to me for what I'd done? Yes, sir, very much so; and he wound up by handing me a hundred dollar bill, which was more money than I'd ever seen.

"I didn't take it. Why should I, for what I'd done? I said to him, 'anybody would have done it if he had had the chance, and if I should take money for it I'd feel pretty mean,' and then I went back and went to pushing the handcart again. The next morning I got another letter from him and this time he made another proposition, namely, that I should go to work for him, and I did, and from that moment I got on.

"Did I marry the daughter? I certainly did, and she is the greatest prize I have ever won; and all the good fortune that has come to me I suppose you might attribute to luck, to my hat being blown off by a gust of wind. Now, what do you make out of this?

"If I had set those bundles down or dropped them when my hat blew off and gone after it then I would have got it and got back and picked up the wood and carried it in and have been in store when the runaway went by and I wouldn't have had any hand in it at all; but sticking to the wood, as I did, carrying that in first, intending to go after my hat afterward, I came out just in time.

"I don't know whether you'd call that luck or not, but that's something I think about often."

### Crane Picked Up at Sea.

*From the Boston Herald.*

That land cranes sometimes take long sea trips as proved by Capt. Ginn of the four-masted schooner Lewiston, which arrived yesterday from Savannah. The vessel was sixty miles off Hatteras when the lookout descried what he thought was a diminutive balloon. The navigators trained glasses on the strange object, which resolved itself into a combination of flapping wings and dangling legs, with a neck and head, that reminded the Lewiston's company of a croquet mallet with a decided twist in the handle.

As the object approached within close range it was discovered to be a crane. The crane aimed to alight at the foretopmast, but fell short and crashed to the deck. Capt. Ginn had the bird removed to the engine room, and yesterday it was fully recovered from the effects of its long flight.

## *CAUGHT A SEA DEVIL.*

**But Before the Fishermen Overpowered It They Were Dragged to Sea.**

*Manzanillo correspondence Mexican Herald.*

After having been dragged several miles out to sea in a fishing boat, which was in turn aided by a small gasolene launch, by an enormous sea devil which they had harpooned near the mouth of the bay, three Americans yesterday afternoon succeeded in landing the largest specimen of the ray family of fish ever seen here.

The monster measured nearly 30 feet from tip to tip of its enormous flappers and was alleged to weigh slightly less than a ton. Its mandibles, which were tightly closed, measured a meter and fifteen centimeters across.

The fish was apparently sleeping on some low flat rocks when discovered and harpooned. It made off so fast with the small fishing boat that the launch went to its assistance, and for a mile thereafter the fish carried both boat and launch in easy tow. It was not overpowered until several harpoons had been landed well in its body.

*GENERAL KUROKI ON A DEER HUNT IN JAPAN.*